GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Some Account of the Work of the Bombay Flend-His Bloody Work,

The series of crimes committed by the socalled "Whitechapel Flend," in a district of London, is a plagisrism on the work of the Bombay Fiend." The only difference is that one killed only men, and Englishmen at that, and the other kills only women, and women of doubtful reputations. It was in 1858 that the Bombay fiend pursued his bloody work, and during his career I was a resident of that city and saw most of his victims after death. As all were English, and all of them army or civil officers, and as the last mutterings of the mutiny had not yet been stamped out, the British Government took care to suppress the particulars of this flend's work as much as ossible. While a thousand men were quietly searching for him the press was forbidden to give him any notoriety, as it was believed the eriminal was a native, and to particularize would be to make a hero of him and induce others to follow in his bloody footsteps.

The first murder occurred in March, 1858, fantry. He was leaving a club house at 10 o'clock at night, and to reach the street he had to pass between two stores by an alleyway This way was lighted by a single lamp.

People were coming and going every two or three minutes, and it was a public thorough-fare in which a woman would have felt perfeetly safe from violence. Five imputes after the Captain left the club house an alarm was raised that he had been murdered. A score of us rushed out to find him dead in the alleyway. He had been stabbed to the heart, and his right ear had been cut off. The body had not been despoiled, and the general verdict was that it was a case of revenge. There was a great stir over this, the first of the series, and many natives were arrested on suspicion. The British were carrying things with a high hand then and some of the parties arrested were tortured to extort a confession. It was given out that one had confessed and been executed, but this statement was only to affect the native population. Not one of the suspects had a ord to say to help clear up the mystery.

On the eleventh night after the Captain's murder a Lieutenant of dragoons was found dead at the front door of the bungalow of a friend on whom he was about to call. It was only twenty feet from the gate to the steps, and the path leading up was of sand. It was only just after dark, with many people moving officer had not been dead five minutes when stubbed to the heart and the right ear out off and carried away. This satisfied everybody that an assassin was abroad, and the excitement was intense. It was the policy of the Government to suppress the facts as far as European in the city, and every man was on his guard from that time on. Those who had been in India jongest reasoned that these murders were the work of a fanatic-a religious fanatic. Atthatdate, and even for ten years later, religious fantaties were to be found in every community. They made vows to do this or that for the glory of their God, and it was a rare thing for one of them to abandon his work. I have mot natives who had vowed never to walk in a straight line; others who had vowed to sleep standing; others who kept one eye shut, one arm raised, or had vowed not to speak. If the assassin had vowed to take the lives of a certain number of Englishmen he was more to be dreaded than a band of robbers. Nothing but his capture would prevent him from fulfilling that vow, and the fact of his dominiting two murders in prominent places and leaving no clue to his identity proved that he was a crafty follow.

There was the usual cry against the police force, but one who stopped to consider for a moment realized how helpess the officers. natic. Atthat date, and even for ten years later.

There was the usual cry against the police force, but one who stopped to consider for a moment realized how helpless the officers were. A dozen arrests were made and threats, promises, and torture used to secure a pointer, but the poor fellows knew nothing, and therefore had nothing to give up. On the evening of the fifteenth day after the second murder a third occurred. An artillery Captain, who had been through all the mutiny, and who had only that day boasted that he could take care of himself under all circumstances, had called at the bungalow of his brother, who was in the civil service. Not finding him at home, the Captain had taken a turn in the garden with his cigar. The three native household servants had noticed him walking up and down, but after a few minutes one of them saw him lying on the ground. The three ran out, and it was to find him dend. The garden was about a quarter of an acre in extent, and was surrounded by a brick wall nine feet high. The assassin had come and gone like a shadow, but he had done his work as well as in the other cases. The one thrust had been sufficient, and the right ear had been cut off. I was one of the first called in when the alarm was raised. I took a toroh and examined the wall, and at the rear of the garden I found where a pole had been slanted up against the wall to assist a climber. The man had lifted the pole over to help him down, and I found the prints of his sandais in the soft earth. It was settled, to my satisfaction, at least, that the assassin was a native, although at this point the police brought forward the theory that the person was a European, probably disguised as a native. The arrest of a dozen sallors and vagabonds followed while all the natives in cut brought forward the theory that the person was a European, probably disguised as a native. The arrest of a dozen sailors and vagabonds followed, while all the natives in all were turned loose. I never knew whether the police believed in the new theory, or whother it was advised by the Government, but circumstances went to prove that the latter was the case. The arrest and abuse of innocent natives was causing much excitement in the city, and it was doubtiess deemed safer to take another theory. At the same time the authorities offered a reward of £1,000 for the arrest of the real assassin, and a private circular was sent to svery European in Bombay warning him to be on his guard.

real assassin, and a private circular was sent to every European in Bombay warning him to be on his guard.

On the evening of the tenth day after the third murder I was in a reading room much frequented by Europeans. When I left I had to cross a plat of ground about forty feet wide. It was well shaded by trees, but also well lighted by gaslight, and a brick sidewalk six feet wide ran straight to the street. Near the gate leading to the street was the only dark spot, and a bench was here placed beneath a tree. As I came along I noticed a native seated on the bench as if in waiting for his master inside. I noticed him as one might glance at a passing carriage, and was going on, when he called:

"Sanib, for God's sake stop a moment! I am very ill. I have been poisoned?" I aked, as I left the path and approached him.

"I am sure of it. Let me take your hand."

He selzed my left hand in his left, and his fingers had the grip of a vise. He half rose from the bench, and something forced me to say:

"I am sorry for you. I will go and find some

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"I am sorry for you. I will go and find some Englishman who can render you aid."
But are you no English?"
"No. I am an American."
He seemed to gasp, and I heard him mutter under his breath as he relaxed his grasp on my fingers. Then he said:
"Never mind. Sahib—never mind. We are all dogs to the English. They would be glad to see me die. I will find a doctor."
He stagered away through the gate and was cut of sight in a moment, while I found myself so weak that I was obliged to sit downlon the bench he vacated. I had caught sight of a maked kaife in his right hand as he half rose from the bench. Here was the assassin! He was a powerful fellow, with muscless of steel. He got my left hand, intending to lift my arm and give me the fatal blow, but when I gave my nationality he desisted. It was the English he was after. I had seen him in the shadow where all dark faces look alike. I had heard his voice, but all natives of India seem to have the same intonations. Had he been led before me two minutes later in company with others. I could not have picked him out. But whal assurance the assassin must have! There was not a smute in which some one was not assing. Indeed, as I stood before him two men entered from the street and two left the reading rooms. He hadn't one chance in fifty of committing murder and escaping observation and pursuit, but he took the risks.

It is a fact conceded by the average Englishman that a British official who is willing to take advice is a rarity. The Indian mutiny was years coming. The signs were as plain as the sun at noondny, but British pigheadedness and official excitem refused to see or believe. I verily believe that if a New York detective should proceed to London and secure a straight pointer as to the identity of the Whitechall proceed to London and secure a straight pointer as to the identity of the Whitec

insulted, and if he caught his man it must be without help from me. The reward was now increased to £2,000, and over thirty arrests were made within the next two days. The whole city was in a ferment by this time, and as the days went by and the real assassin was not caught, the populace den, anded the head of the Chief of Folice, and he had to step down. His successor had more than his keenness and little of his conceit, and when he sent for me I obsyed the summons. He was satisfied that the native who spared me slew the collector, but we were still in the dark regarding the man's identity. Ten days passed, and then a British Major was assassinated on a public street between two lamp posts. In this instance the hour was late and the Major was drunk. The murder was identical with the others, and during the next day many Europeans left the city. insulted, and if he caught his man it must be

The murder was identical with the others, and during the next day many Europeans left the city.

It was queer how the first clue was struck. Two days after the murder I was talking with an English officer about the bloody business, and the name of the first victim was mentioned.

"Poor Tom!" sighed the officer, "I wonder if he will find any ears to pull in that other land." What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, he was a good-hearsed companion, but a torrible hard master on his servants. He had his own way of managing them. Some of us believe in keles and cuffs, backed up with good big oaths, but Tom pulled, their ears for them. It wasn't a week before his death that I saw him pull the right ear of his groom until blood flowed from the torn fiesh."

I put two and two together as quick as a fiash of lightning, and half an hour later was with the Chief of Police. It had puzzled everybody to understand why the assassin had alleed off and carried away the right ear in each case. Here was a solution of the mystery. The groom had gone into other service, but was easily located and arrested. He was caring for the horses of an officer, and in his box in the stable was found his knife and the four bloody ears. He was a bold, gamy fellow, and he boasted of his bloody deeds. He said:

"I killed my master because he pulled my

low, and he boasted of his bloody deeds. He said:

"I killed my master because he pulled my ear. After killing him I wanted to kill others. I had set the number at twenty. I am your prisoner. Do with me as you like. The four Englishmen I have killed were worth to you 4.000 such lives as mine. I am ready to die."

He was executed in public and died cursinthe whole English race. How do you suppose the reward was divided? Manybody furnished the clue I did, but the money was divided between the Chiefof Police, who caused the arrest, and the officer who told me about the car-pulling! Thoy were big-hearted enough to offer me £28 each, but I respectfully declined the charity.

AN ANTE-REVOLUTION ROMANCE. How the Beautiful Hannah Seymour Chose a Husband from Two Sultors,

RIDGEFIELD, Conn., Nov. 12 .- This ancient and picturesque town is rich in historical re-mains, and its elderly residents possess a fund of ante-revolutionary stories that are too good to be left to be handed down from generation to generation, each adding to the one before, until the original story is hardly recognizable One of these stories relates to two old mansions in this town which have sheltered many shows that the women of the good old days did not differ much from those of to-day. Before the British bullets of Gen. Tyron's

forces went zipping around the ears of the brave hand of Continentals under Gen. Wooster, who sought to protect the stores of the Revolutionary army in Danbury, Matthew Sey mour, a prosperous farmer and a man of local prominence, owned one-twenty-ninth part of the town of Ridgefield, and was at the head of a large family. Hannah, the youngest, as a school girl was the queen of all the picnics, apple parin's, and husking bees. She was a girl of rare beauty and something of a flirt, not as we of to-day define that quality, but in the way that she loved no one, but accepted all the young men's attentions as hers by right. She was a dashing brunette, with dark, piercing, and roguish eyes, and for miles around the young men came to kneel at the shrine of Han-

At the age of 18 Hannah had developed into handsome woman. In those days early marriages were considered the proper thing, and riages were considered the proper thing, and the local gossips hinted that it was time for Matthew Seymour's youngest daughter to settle down with a family of her own. She had a suitor, Jeremiah keeler, a young farmer, prepossessing in appearance, bright and energetic. Jerry feel deeply in love with the young beauty, and, womanlike, Hannah encouraged him. He met with little opposition. Hannah seemed willing, and so did her parents. Keeler owned a fine farm, and his station in life was equal to her own. The courtship ran on until one day there came up from Norwalk a young man named Nathan Dauchy. Dauchy had been a schoolmate of Hannah's, and had a touch of the tender passion while she was yet a girl. He had left the duli old town and had gone to Norwalk, then a thriving village, whore he had come in contact with townspeople and had acquired a certain amount of pollsh. The old spark was rekindled, and his dashing ways threw Farmer Jerry into the shade. Yet Jerry was not going to give up so easily. The double courtship went on for several months. The townspeople took sides. Some insisted that Dauchy ought to have Hannah, while others upheld the sturdy young farmer who had been lirst in the field. Strange to say, Hannah did not know which to choose. Each proposed, and to sach she gave the same answer—"Wait." She was in a fix. Either young man would have made a good husband. They were sturdy, manly young men, of good principles and of equal fortunes. the local gossips hinted that it was time for young man would have made a good husband. They were sturdy, manly young men, of good principles and of equal fortunes.

Hannah studied her heart. She could not determine. First Cupid inclined the scales toward Keeler, whose worth she did not doubt, and then the more cultivated ways of Dauchy overbalanced the scales, and she was inclined to bestow her hand upon him. After much thought and careful consideration a bright thought struck her. The young men were summoned to her house, and she told them that the one who would, within the next year, build and furnish a house the most comfortable and tasteful could claim her hand. With nothing better to do, they accepted the proposition. The queen of their hearts made them shake hands upon it, and promise that whoever won the other should accept the decision in a manly way and seek some other fair maiden to share the house he was to build. They went to work. Within the year the houses were finished and furnished. At last the time came for Hennah to make the important decision. Escorted by the two young men she examined both houses, and went into the mysteries of closets and kitchen and attic and cellar. She looked at the furnishings, weighing not so much the cost as the taste and comfort to be found, and then decided that Keeler had shown the most taste and the greater skill. The marriage was celebrated, and the neighbors said Hannah Seymour had at last come to her senses and had married her true lover, as she had intended to all the time. She, however, maintained that she had weighed the matter carefully and conscientiously. tained that she had weighed the matter carefully and conscientiously.

The two houses are standing to-day. The Jeremiah Reeler homestead is occupied by a descendant of the fair Hannah, John S. Keeler, and the Dauchy house is now owned and occupied by Henry Mead. Many of the readers of THE BUN who spend the summer in this delightful and healthy old town have seen them. But none have suspected the halo of romance which hung about the old-fashioned, roomy houses, and when they visit them again they will possess new attractiveness.

An Enterprising Crow.

From the Atlanta Journal.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface. "I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes. "How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend. Stokes.

In a few days farmer Orowder met his friend.

Stokes.

"Well. how's craps?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint." replied Orowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ore scheme o' your'n, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and next mornin' I went down to the new groun' to see how it'd worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was; thar was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whiskey corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailn' it out to the others, givin' em one grain o' that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn; and dinged el they hadn't clawed up that field by sections."

Bavages of Welves In Montaun.

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""" the Great Palit Tribume.

Dr. Parsons, assistant territorial veterinary surgeon, brings word that about 150 sheep belonging to O. G. Cooper were killed by wolves last week. The wolves, it is reported, attacked the sheep on the range, north of the Muddy. The affair has caused a great sensation in the locality.

Dr. Parsons also learned that a man who came from Washington Turritory with 80 head of theroughbred bucks camped eight miles below Chotsau, on the Teton, and went thence next day to the town. On returning from Chotsau the next morning he found that the wolves had destroyed 58 bucks, their being only 22 left. wolves had distributed only 22 left.
Charles Thebo informed Dr. Parsons that he had lost this year 30 colts by wolves.
The wolves are increasing in large number, and there will be a strong desire to have the bounty law revived so far as wolves and coyotes

BARLY AMERICAN INVESTIGATIONS. Progress in the Work of Developing the

History of the Ancient Races When the steamship Elder came into this port last Wednesday, it brought home two Americans who had been abroad for the purpose of telling learned Europeans something apout the ancient inhabitants of this continent. They were Prof. Edward S. Morse of Salem and Mr. Sylvester Baxter of Malden, Mass. There is a considerable body of ethnologists and archcologists in Europe who make a specialty of studying the prehistoric nations of America. They have formed what they call a Society of Americanists, and once a year they get together in some important city and tell each other what they have found out. It takes them a good many days, and a deal of serious attention to voluminous essays, but they are very carnest about it all, and contrive in their "off hours to extract plenty of material enjoyment out of their meetings. Prof. Morse and Mr. Baxter were occupied with them for about a month, and they said when they returned to this country that if there had been two weeks more of it they would have dined themselves into death or incurable dyspepsia. The Amerleanist Congress met this year at Berlin, and scholars representing nearly every European country were present. Their work involves two very curious facts: no meeting of these students of America has ever been held in this country; and until this autumn no American scholar had ever been invited to contribute his quota of learning to their discussions. Prof. Morse was invited to represent the archmological association which is suported by Mrs. Mary Hemenway of Boston, and Mr. Baxter went along to tell in detail what had been done during the last two years in digging over the once populous deserts of New Mexico and Arizona. The Americanists across

Mr. Baxter went along to tell in detail what had been done during the last two years in digging over the once populous deserts of New Mexico and Arizona. The Americanists across the sea had heard of this work, and they were assionished at the admirable results as reported by the native delegates. They saw that a visit to the land whose prehistoric conditions they are studying might be advisable and worth while, and they therefore determined that the Americanist Congress of 1890 should be held in Washington, that for 1889 having been previously appointed for Paris.

Another curious lact in connection with this research is the debt it owes to a woman. Several years ago Mrs. Hemenway became attracted to the remarkable devotion to ethnological study shown by Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, Since then Mr. Cusning's labors have achieved a national reputation, but it is well to recall that in order to acquire the best results he became an Indian. He found that the Kunis of Arizona were of all the original Inhabitants of America the most cultivated in respect to anchest civilization. The passing of generations for centuries had brought about less change in their customs, manuers of labor, any other tribe. This was not all the case with their solution and their primitive ways, but by their isolation and their primitive ways, but by the respect in which they were and are still held by the other tribes of the Southwest. Mr. Cushing, the tribe of the such and traditions, but was enabled to verify the aniquity of their customs and the truthiness of their history as handed down orally from father

and successive dynasties have to be left large-ly to conjecture, for these people had no litera-ture. They left a great number of inscriptions of a hieroglyphic character on stones, but they referred to mythology and not to actual events. One of the most striking evidences of the civili-zation of the people to one who is not a special-

ture. They left a great number of inscriptions of a hieroglyphic character on stones, but they referred to mythology and not to actual events. One of the most striking swideness of the civilization of the people to one who is not a specialist, is the fact that they existed in great cities that were situated from a half mile to six miles apart, in a territory that has been considered uninhabitable. It is apparently an arid plain with a most unfertile soil. Yot the ancient inhabitants were farmers. They raised great quantities of pumpkins, corn and beans, and such few reflecs of textile fabrics as have been found show that they did not depend upon hides for clothing.

The way they managed to till the fields is known, and the people of the Hemenway expedition think that the knowledge will be of considerable service in the near future, when the continual settling of the Bouthwest will force the white men of to-day to renow the struggie with the desert. The prehistoric inhabitants worked with crude inplements, and had little advantage from the use of domestic animals. They had beasts of burden, it is true, but so small that when any really heavy work was to be done the men had to take hold and accomplish it by hand. The arid plain was made fertile by a remarkable system of canal irrigation. The lines of these ancient waterways are still distinguishable to expert observers, and they mark the plain as with an intricate fine net. Mr. Cushing believes that the methods of constructing the canals may be revived with advantage by the future inhabitants of the desert, for the best science of today could hardly improve upon them.

Mrs. Hemenway's liberality in this matter has gone further than establishing the archaeological research noted. All the relies recovered by the expedition, and they make a collection second to none in the world in variety and historical importance, will be gathered together in a museum to be built by her at Salem. She has chosen Salem as the place for keeping the tronsure, because, as one of the ol

Mark Twain's Woolng.

Mark Twain's Woolng.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Mark Twain, if he is in the mood, will tell the atory of his own courtship in a manner worthy of the greatest of living humorists. When he first mot the lady who alterward became his wife he was not so distinguished as now, his crigin was humble, and for some years of his life he had been a pilot on the Mississippi River. The future Mrs. Clemens was a woman of position and fortune; her father was a Judge, and doubtless expected "family "and social importance in his son-inlaw. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter, and after a while proposed, but was rejected.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try." After a while he "tried" again, with the same result, and then remarked with his celebrated drawl, "I think a groat deal more of you than if you'd said 'Yes," but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came to the most difficult part of his task, to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzle and mo?"

"What? What?" exclaimed the Judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzle and me?"

"No, no, indeed!" replied the magnate, stern-From the Philadelphia Press.

Miss Lizzie and me?"
"No. no, indeed!" replied the magnate, sternity, "No. str. I have not."
"Well! Look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innecents Abroad;" and that's the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

The Oraythoriscus Paradoxus. From the Partiant Oregonian. The stuffed skin of that curious animal, the duck-billed platypus, sent by Tom Merry from Australia to Capt. S. Douglass, attracts much attention at the fair. It has fur like a beaver, a bill like a duck and webbed feet in front. It is the ormythoringus paradoxus of the scientist.

Westchester Driver Turns a Stream of "Git up there, darling, you dumb-blasted son of a gun of a horse, g'long! See? I ain't wa'n't here at all. She'll go, though. She's the

You wouldn't think she cost me a hundred an

seventy-five dollars would you? You're sur-prised at that, now ain't you? So, though, an It was a recent Saturday evening, and a Portchester, where a man had been killed, to White Plains, where the slayer was confined in the county jail. The driver had been paid off for his week's work, and was performing an unwilling task. He had hoped to spend the evening in social intercourse with his friends, but he had philosophically accepted the situadisappointment by cultivating the acquaint ance of the reporter. He talked incessantly about three subjects-his mare, the road, and the reporter's errand. It was a cheerful conversation, especially so when the driver dis-

the reporter's errand. It was a cheerful conversation, especially so when the driver discussed the road.

"Soon as you git out of Portchester," he said,
"it's the dumb-blastedest ionesomest son-of-agun of a road you ever travelled. All woods, and not a durnod house the whole way. Been lots of robberies and murders on it. I never go over it at night unless I'm armed. See that clump of trees down there in the hollow? That's where that fellow hung himself. You know who I mean: 'twas in all the papers. Did you say you was an editor? From the Tribune. Times, SUN—"

"I'm a reporter from The SUN."

"That's what I said. Got another of those city cigars in your clothes? You're going over to see what's his name that shot the Italian resterday, ain't you? I drove him over to jail last night, you know. I tell you, he's a white man. Iou'll see when you talk with him. Git up there, darling. Sie could make this distance in thirty-five minutes if I was a mind to force her. You wouldn't believe she cost \$175, would you? Did, though. You don't need to use a whip. Just speak to her and she'll git right along.

"It's a good road over to White Plains, but it's durned lonesome. Right down there at the foot of that hill two men stopped a carriage one night, bout this time, and took all the parties had with 'em. Got a revolver? Neither nave I. I forgot mine. But I ain't afraid with this mare, You don't find such flosh in livery stables. She ain't so dimb blasted swift for a race, but she can go on the road like a son-of-a-gun. You want to get into the jail, don't you? I'm a reporter,"

"I'm a reporter,"

"That's what I said. You're protty cute.

you? It's pretty hard work, but I'm manage it for you: I bull pretty hard on the ropes myself over there. I know the Sheriff and the keepers. I'm fax it for you. You leave it to me. You editors—"

"I'm a reporter."

"That's what I said. You're pretty cute. You git a sense of what's going on dumb blasted quick, you do. I've driven editors lots of times, but I tell you I'm pretty cute myself, and it takes a dumblasted smart man to git away from me. Go-on. baby. You'd like to own that mare, wouldn't you? You couldn't buy her to-night for \$300. Just see how she goes! bangs right along without the whip. Oh! she's a darling, You'd be surprised to know I bad \$175 for her, wouldn't you?"

"Not at all. She's worth it. I should think You had made a good bargain at that price."

This desperate saily, made after the mare's surprising virtues had been extolled about a dozen times, completely nonplussed the driver. For a full delightful half minute he preserved a profound silence, and then, determined that his companion should think that something surprising had been done, he continued:

"A man would be surprised, though, I give you my word I paid \$175 for her. If I was to push her she'd make the distance in thirty-five minutes. Oh, she's a son-of-a-gun of a mare. I took that fellow that did the shooting over to White Plains hast night with her. He's a white man, he is. Ever see him? I'll get you into the jail; you leave that to me. See how fine this road is? De you know Parke Tillford? He's a New York storekeeper, you know. Wall, he owns all the land on both sides of the road round here, and he's hadit gravelled at his own expense. Parke Tillford must have a heap of money. It's a dumb blasted lonesome road, though, lieen lots of murders on it. I remember one time I was driving a leilow over 'tout this hour, and we got to a place, right shead of us there, where the road goes between two big ledges. Then he says all of a sudden, Have you got any money? and I had 'bout a hundred—I usually carry that amount with me—but had a re

And so on to the end of the journey.

ENGLISH CATERPILLAR TALK.

An Official Report Upon the Plague of this They have had a dreadful plague of cater-Agricultural Department has issued an elaborate circular on the subject filled with information intended to be of value to farmers endeavoring to prevent a recurrence of the pest. As to the extent of the plague this year, it is said that "apples, pears, plums, and fil-berts were rapidly stripped of leaves, so that no sight was more common during the summer than to see trees almost bare of leaf, in-stead of being covered with blossoms or fruit. When the flower buds and the young leaves began to expand, legions of caterpillars—little, light, unsightly things—seized on them. until, in a few days, many of the usually prosperous in a few days, many of the usually prosperous plantations in parts of Kent, Hereford, Worcester, and other counties looked as if a sirocco had passed over the country, scorching every green thing in its course. The result was, of course, a scanty crop in the blighted districts, and, what is quite as serious, the trees it is feared, have been effected, so far as their bearing, powers are concerned, for next season." The principal damage was done by those caterpillars that were the larve of the winter moth. The pale brindled beauty, the mottled umber, the lackey, the ermine, and the figure-of-eight moths were other varieties represented, and which will be reproduced in vast numbers next season, it is feared. The females of the first three varieties named are wingless, and their eggs are laid and progeny developed in the immediate neighborhood of the trees already affected. Farmers are advised to attempt to destroy this class of insects while they are still in the caterpillar condition, which ends near the 1st of November in England, and it is said that the digging of the ground around the trees and the application of lime or other caustics will be effective; while to prevent the females from climbing the trees to lay their eggs, it is recommended that the American plan of tying about the trunks bandages dipped in tar or smeared with cart grease be tried. Oil cake manure bags dipped in a mixture of soft soap, parafilme oil, and earboine acid are mentioned as other compounds good to use in this way. Drenching the ground under the trees with water, dosed with parafilme oil, or the application state. The chrysalids are usually found under rubbish, grass, and clods near the trees, and it is recommended that the grass and weeds be thoroughly brushed off and the rubbish gracked up and burned during October.

To deal with those moths whose females can fly, it is suggested a be removed, and the stems brushed with soft soap, parafilme, or carbolic soap. Another remedy suggested is to throw finely powdered quicklime into th plantations in parts of Kent, Hereford, cester, and other counties looked as if a sirocco

Good Hunting on Sage Creek.

From the Billings Gazetta.

J. M. Frost of Sage creek, Wyoming, who was in town last week, tells of a remarkable killing of big game he made at his ranch a short time ago. He started out in the morning after his horses, which were in sight of the house on the opposite side of the creek and not over a quarter of a mile off, taking his rifle with him. He had gone but a short distance when he saw a large gray wolf, which he killed. The report of the rifle startled an old she bear, which rose up on her haunches to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, in plain view of Mr. Frost, who at once dispatched her with his unarring rifle, and on going to where she lay dead he routed out three cubs, which he succeeded in killing, thus securing in almost less time than it takes to tell it, four bears and a large wolf. He sold the hides a short time afterward for \$30. The hide of the old bear is said by those who as w it to be one of the largest and hes they had ever seen.

THE OLD SETTLER

Me Bemeans the Result of the Election, but Discovers that All Is Not Lost, "'Cordin' to the news th't las' week's Otarion Blast o' Freedom deals out to us," remarked the Old Settler grimly, "the kentry

seems tuv sot down on free raw mater'als leetle solid an' squashin', don't it, 'Squire?" Wull, it don't seem tuy lit on 'em quite ex gentle an' pleasin' ez yer gal mowt settle on yer lap fer an evenin's sparkin', that's so," replied the 'Squire, "But then w'at's the uset o' talkin' 'bout it? 'Lection's over." "Over!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "I sh'd

say it were! It's over. b'gosh, an' it's under, an' it's on both sides! It's squashed us down, an' it's heaved us up, an' it's squeezed us edgeways! It didn't git fun enough outen us by sweepin' us I'm Dan to Beersheby like a cycloon, but it had to go an' scotch us with reg'lar blue lightnin', an' swaller us with 'arthquakes! But thanks be to goodness, 'Squire, ev'rything hain't lost! Tore up an' ripped I'm A to izzard ez we be, the flesh pots o' power an' the loaves an' fishes o' vict'ry, b'gost'imighty hain't all ben anatched outen our reach! We've saved a Cor'ner outen the blazin' wreck an smokin' smash-up. Some'rs up in the north part o' Pennsylvany, so the Clarion Blast says, we've saved a Cor'ner. We swep' him in by three major'ty, an' his friends has got him hid an' tied in a barn some'rs, so's he can't git strayed or stolen. He's wuth crowin' over, that Cor'ner is. Some o' the misguided feller cititens oz helped to set on free raw mater'als up in his bailiwick may git drownded or sumpin', an' then he'll set on them, b'gosh! Mebby that wunt be a jedgment on 'em! Mebby that wunt open some o' their eyes an' show 'em th'. the futur' looks dark fer 'em! If that Cor'ner' nandled right, 'Squire, he's boun' to be the han writing on the wall four year I'm now. Now. mind ye!"

"Hope so. That is, if he's a good feller," said the Squire. 'I hear th't th' hain't a better un in his deestric' th'n he is," was the Old Settler's assuring

good, Major."

"Think yer 'bout right, 'Squire," assented the Old Settler. "Thar were Mordicky Snifflebox o' Sugar Swamp deestric'. He were so good th't he wouldn't eat strawberries on Monday, if he fer fear they'd be'n picked on Sunday, yit he left his wile an' seven children an' run away with the Widder Magglefat, an' stole his olt pap's heas an' wagon to do it with.

"We usety hey some sing'lar 'lections in Sugar Swamp, if ye'member, 'Squire, Folks was commodatin' in them days. Th' wa'n't but seventeen voters in the township, an' some o' them lived twenty milled f'm the polls, an' didn't alluz feel like hoofin' it in, 'specially if 'twere rainin', or if th' were a b'ar hunt on the taps, or if 'twere a good day fer thrashin' buckwhit; so, if any one didn't want to take the trouble to go to the polls, he'd send his ticket in by a neighbor, or anybody th't happened to be goin' that way. Sometimes, if a voter didn't come in or send his tickets, an' any one 'd git up an' state th' the'd heerd him say he were goin' ter vote fer so-an'-so, they'd put his name down as votin' that way, an' chuck a ticket in the box fer him. That give ev'rybody a chance fer to hey his say 'bout the state o' the kentry, an' saved 'em a heap o' trouble. Dan Bitner, ez lived way on the edge o' the deestric', a day's walk i'm the polls, usety put his tickets in a little tin box an' tie the box 'roun' his dog Tigo's neck, an' Tigo'd slide in an' vote fer him ez slick ez slick k'd be.

"Bout the hottest 'lection we ever had in Sugar Swamp were the fall th't Ebenezer Sliupp and Philpot Grimes had the tussel for Pathmaster. Jeewhizz! But w'at a fight that were! It begun 'arly in the mornin', and were kep' up a tearin' all day. Ebanezer were ez pop'lar ex sassige meat fer breakins, an' ev'ry-body s posed th't he'd be 'lected by two or three major'ty, anyhow. 'cause Philpot Grimes had sent his darter Katury to school over to the county seat sid o' to the Sugar Swamp Doestrie School, an' that had got the feelin' roun' mongst his feller clitzens th't he were a

BUNK BY A METEOR.

An Old Sattor's Yarn of a Remarkable Inelent in the Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 10 .- Peter Werngren, an old Danish sailor, who has cruised in every ocean on the face of the globe, but whose sea-faring days are nearly over, because his joints are growing stiff and his eyes weak with age. was asked by a Sun correspondent what was the strangest thing he ever saw at sea. The old man stirred his toddy and mused, for a few

moments, and then said:
"I saw something once in the line of what I

"But he don't want to git too durn good!" exclaimed the Squire. "He don't want to git better'n his party, fer instance. I've heerd o' people ez was better'n their party a wakin' up all of a suddent an' findin' th't their party didn't think so. Ol' Giner'l Jackson an' Gov'nor Wolfe was tol'able decent chaps theirselves,

but their party was good enough fer them. A feller orter alluz be good, but not too durn "Think yer bout right, 'Squire," assented the Old Settler. "Thar were Mordicky Snifflebox Sugar Swamp deestric. He were so good

"That night, its arter he'd gone to bed, Philpot Grimes was woke up by the alfredest squealin' time in his pig pen th't he'd ever heard thar. He jumped out o' bed, siung his breeches on, an'grabbin' his gun, sild out to see w'at were movin' of his pork to sitch on season'ble exterwaulin'. The moon were shin in' bright, an' w'at does Philpot see but a whoppin' big painter a neckin' a fat shoat, an' a gittin' of it in shape fer stown' it away inside of hisself. The owner o' that shoat bein' a countin' on usin' it for sumpin' differn' th'n painter feed, ups an' whangs a couple o' rifie balls inter Mr. Painter, an' Mr. Painter gives a yell or two, an' then gives up the ghost. It were the biggest painter th't Philpot Grimes or ambody else in the deestric' had ever see, an' Philpot made up his mind th' he'd take the hide offen it 'fore he went to bed, an' d' cut the carcase up an' make pig feed outen it, 'stid o' the pigs bein' feed fer it. While he were doin' that. Philpot heard his knife gratin' on sumpin' hard, an' a lookin' to see w'at it were, he foun' a little tin box in the painter's maw! He know'd it in a minute.
" 'Dan Bitner's lection ticket, sure ez sniffles

a lookin' to see w'at it wore, he foun' a little
tin box in the painter's maw! He know'd it in
a minute.

"Dan Bitner's l'ection ticket, sure ez sniffes
in sheep!' he hollered. This here painter has
gobbled Tige on his way in to vote, an' cheated
Dan Bitner outon his rights ez a free an' ontrammelled feller citizen.

"Philpot turned the box over an' over, an'
wondered who Dan's vote would ha' ben fer.
Arter w'ile he said:

"Th' hain' to doubt but Dan were fer me,
'cause I made him school d'rector. Dan mustn't
be cheated outen his rights by a durn ornery
painter. The ballot box can't be tampered
with that way, not in Sugar Swamp deestric'.
This here vote has got to be counted, b'gosh!'
says Philpot.

Without waitin' to put on all his clothes he
trotted aroun' an' got the 'lection officers up,
an' told 'om how th't Dan Bitner's ticket has
jist kim in, an' th't they must open up the polls
an' take the vote an' count it. They opened up
an' took the ticket, an' the Sugar Swamp deestric' had its pathmaster saved to it. But, sing'lar ez it turned out, the pathmaster wa'n't
fullpot Grimes. Dan Bitner's ticket were fer
Ebenezer Slupp. Philpot had fit like a mad
bull all day to beat Ebenezor, an' then had got
up out o' bed an' 'lected him!

"Then thar were the fall th't uncle Jabe
were defeated fer hog constable. That were a
Watervloo th't Sugar Swamp didn't git over fer
ten year.

"I member it ez well ez if 'twere only a hap."

that 'lection, 'Equire?' the 'lection uncle Jabe were defeated for hog constable. That were a Watervico th' Bugar Bwamp didn't git over fer ten year."

"I 'member it ez well ez if 'twere only a happenin' this minute,' replied the 'Squire. "The wa'n't no free raw materials in the ishy o' that campaign. If I hain't got things mixed, though, ver Uncle Gabe were sot down on by his feller citizens 'cause he h'isted the ishy inter the canvas' long to'rds the end of it, th'the didn't keer nuthin' bout free raw materials, but ruther favored the doctern o' free cooked materials. His feller citizens differed with yer Uncle Jake on the ishy, an' stid of a tho'ry he foun' a condition confrontin' him th' come nigh onter givin' him a place at the county seat, what he'd had to serve the people a term, ist fer his board an' clo'es. Course, it mowtha' ben all a campaign lie, that story they got around th't year Uncle Gabe b'lieved in free cooked materials, but the findin' o' the three crocks o' apple butter an'the roil o' head cheese in his cellar, the day arter they had been missed out an Si Loper's cellar, made things look a leetle ez if yer Uncle kinder favored the doctern, an' folks wa'n't quite eddycated up to all its beauties yet, an' so they onfort'nitiy sot down on it. Did yer Uncle Jake ever find out who rolled them things inter his cellar. Major 'Twere a souffy frick, whoever done it, an' made the canvas a leetle pers'nal. If I was runnin' for office I'd rather folks 'd up an' twit me o' chokin' my gran'mother to death the to find things in my cellar th't was stole fin a neighbor. Ye kin easy prove th't we didn't choke yer gran'mother to death, but human natur is rigged up so suspectin' like th't if folks finits yer cellar full o' stuff th't blomas to some one else, it's hard to make 'em b'lieve th't they was stole an' put thar by the man that lives down the road a miled or two. Did yer uncle ever git his han's on the feller th't worked the free cooked mater'als doctern on him.

Major 'B' were worken' on a choppin' jo

cane thumping the floor. "Ye was, hey? consarn ye! No. sir, b'gosh! Uncle Gabe never feun' the man th't stole them things. He never know'd th't you was in the pelafiborhood, though! He pever know'd that, or the chances is th't he'd ha' had his ian's down quick on the man th't done it, b'gosht'imighty!"

The Old Sattler glared a moment at the Squire and then hurried out, thumping his cane as he went.

"Th' hain't no pleasure o' trying to argy polities with the Major," said the Squire, smiling at the boys, "If ye happen to make a p'int agin him he gits so consarned pers'nal th't ye can't help bein' afeerd th't he'll bust a lung or sumpin'. Will ye hev a leetle raw mate'al, boys?"

ED MOTE.

call the unnatural—because it doesn't happen in the ordinary run of things—that gave me a queer turn. It was when I was mate of the Antelope, a British bark, sailing between San Francisco and Liverpool. We cleared from this port in the winter of 1866, but the Antelope never reached Liverpool. She caught fire, from the cook's galley probably, and was burned when about four days from the end of her voyage, and only two of us were picked up. "I wasn't going to tell about that. Lots of sailors have had that kind of luck, and there's

nothing strange about it. So you don't want

For a fortnight past persons with humane and sympathetic tendencies have stopped when crossing the foot-passenger drawbridge that leads from Harrison township on one side of the Passaic River to Newark on the other to listen compassionately to the mournful howilisten compassionately to the mournful howing of a white and yellow our dog that every day'takes her place on some woodwork that juts out from the bridge, about a foot below the roadway, and walls at the water benesth her. She goes there before traffic has fairly begun in the morning and swings with the bridge when it is opened to allow vessels to pass. At meal hours, however, she trots away to a small crockery store, where her owner lives, and takes enough pourishment to support her in her sorrow. Her lamentations are not melodious, but they awaken some sympathy, because it is now pretty generally known that she is a mother mourning for her children. Her five unpremising pups were consigned to the Passale River twy weeks ago by the crockery man, and she has been singing her dismal dirge on the spot where she last saw them ever since. People who live within the sound of her voice have grown tired of it, and some of them infimate that if her woe is not soon moderated she will be sent to join her little ones.

PATTENED BY CANNIBALS. A Prisoner's Life Saved After He Was Au Hendy for the Cooking Pot.

A Haussa soldier named Alakai, in the service of the Congo State, had a thrilling experience a while ago, which Capt. Coquilhat says is one of the most dramatic incidents that has come to his notice in Africa. He was one of three soldlers whom Capt. Hanssens left at the mouth of the Aruwimi to man a little station which Hanssens established there. The Captain steamed away, leaving these men alone among the worst cannibals in the Congo basin, and several manths inter Alakai told Capt. Coquilhat this story of what happened: "The chief of the village," he said, "told

Capt. Hanssens that he would protect us as he would his own children. He asked us not to leave the village, as he could not answer for what his neighbors might do. 'Be prudent,' he said. Several days passed quietly, and then about noon one day several of the villagers asked my comrades to go with them over to an island to fish. I opposed the excursion, but it was no use, as much pleasure had been promised the men, and so they went away with the fishers. A little after nightfall the cances of the returning fishermen touched the shore, but I did not see my two comrades among them. Fearing treason, I hid myself in an abandoned hut. Soon after a fire was built near the place where I was concealed, and after a while I could smell the odor of cooking after a while I could smell the odor of cooking meat. I believed they were reasting the flesh of my friends, and the thought illied me with horror. I cropt out into the darkness and, lying in the tail grass, I could see everything that was going on at the fire. Large pieces of ment were reasting over the coals, and seen the cannibals took out of a large jar two human heads, which I recognized as those of my comrades. Many men were laughing around the fire, and others were attending to the cookery.

"I want is coing to tell about that. Lots of anilors have had that kind of luck, and there's nothing strains about it. So you don't want a queer thing about a shooting stat. We ware becaimed in the Pacific about as into or tender of the equator, and if I recoilect from the pacific about a shooting stat. We ware becaimed in the Pacific about as into or tender of the equator, and if I recoilect from the first of the equator and if I recoilect from the first of the waste instituted. The Anteloo lay three like was instituted in the wall fit to make a man sick. The sails diapred against the mest with dull, booming sounds, and the only draught of air you could ingoine local, alonging heaving against nor edies." I want to see the property of the second right in the chim, and the first of the second right in the chim, and the like second right in the like second right in the chim, and the like second right in th

"I possess a remarkable power of psychologizing peonle. I mean that by the power of my spiritual nature, will, mesmeric force, call it what you will. I can exercise a mysterious influence over others. To illustrate, one evening I went to hear a nublic speaker in Washington whom I greatly disliked, and I determined to use my will. My seat was near the speaker. I looked fixedly at him as he began in beautifully flowing sentences. Before long he hesitated, stammered, and finally stopped in utter confusion. I had determined that he should do that very thing, and the meeting broke up in disorder. It is no unusual thing for me to receive letters from friends, and read exactly what I knew beforehand the letter would contain."

To what astounding heights of power might a President climb who possessed so rare a gift. A glance of Belva's dark eyes at a bevy of office seekers at the White House would send them skulking shome in dismay. The Cabinet would be as pilable as wax to the mistress's will, and the Presidency would be a bed of roses. But will in not be dancerous to intress Belva with power for four years?

A Great Future Before Him. From the Nebraska State Journal. "What do you think of your new reporter?"
"I think he'll be another Horace Greeler."
"Why?"
"There's only one compositor in the office who can read his writing."

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